CHARLTON GROUP COMICS

FIGHTIN' ARMY

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CHARLTON PUBLICATION

FIGHTIN' ARMY

BOOM!

RAT-TA-TA-TA

BAM

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THE SQUAD WAS ONLY ASSIGNED ONE BAZOOKA EVEN THOUGH THE AREA WAS CRAWLING WITH HITLER'S PANZERS BECAUSE THIS WAS THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE BULGE, THE LAST POWERFUL GERMAN OFFENSIVE. HOWEVER, THE LITTLE GUY WHO HANDLED THE ROCKET LAUNCHER WAS THE BAZOOKA KID, ALSO KNOWN AS THE...

GIANT KILLER

BRATTA BRATTA

KLANK KLANK

RATATATAT

BAM BAM

BAM

BAM BAM

THE TANK'S GOING TO ROLL RIGHT OVER US, SARGE!

BAM

WHERE'S THAT LOUSY KID WITH THE STOVE PIPE? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE SUCH A HOT SHOT TANK BUSTER, BUT HE AIN'T HERE WHEN WE NEED HIM.

EDITOR: GEORGE WILDMAN
SCRIPT: NICOLA CUTI
ART: WILLIAM MOLNO

D-7941

FIGHTIN' ARMY

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nomscans

I'M RIGHT HERE, SARGE. I HOPE YOU DIDN'T THINK THAT THE BAZOOKA KID WAS GOING TO LET YOU DOWN.

WOOOSH

BLAAM

WOOOSSSHH!

THE METALLIC MONSTER LAY DYING ON BROKEN TREADS. IT'S SKIN CREAKED FROM TWISTING HOT METAL COOLED IN THE CHILLY BELGIAN WIND. INSIDE, NO LIFE STIRRED.

WHERE'S YOUR RIFLE, SQUIRT?

I LEFT IT IN MY FOXHOLE. I'VE GOT ENOUGH TO CARRY WITH THE LAUNCHER AND ROCKETS. MY PISTOL IS ENOUGH OF A WEAPON.

REGULATIONS SAY THAT YOU GOTTA HAVE A RIFLE. BESIDES, I'VE GOT TWO MORE BAGS OF ROCKETS FOR YOU TO TAKE AND WE'RE GOING TO NEED THEM.

HAVE YOU GOT A KITCHEN SINK TOO? YOU MIGHT AS WELL JUST LEAVE ME HERE BECAUSE I WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE WITH ALL THAT STUFF.

I'M ASSIGNING DOBBINS TO YOU AS YOUR CARRIER. HE'LL TAKE THE EXTRA ROCKETS AND YOUR RIFLE. HE CAN EVEN LOAD THE LAUNCHER FOR YOU.

PERFECT. A TRAINED GORILLA WOULD PROBABLY DO A BETTER JOB BUT I'LL MAKE DOBBINS INTO A FAIR CARRIER.

YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST BIG GUYS BECAUSE YOU'RE A LITTLE FELLOW?

I JUST LOOK LITTLE 'CAUSE I SLOUCH, BUT WHEN I STAND UP STRAIGHT, I'M AS TALL AS YOU AND WITH THIS BAZOOKA, I'M *TALLER* THAN YOU.

AS SOON AS I MARK DOWN THIS TANK ON "*LITTLE DAVID*" WE'LL MOVE OUT AHEAD OF THE SQUAD AND PICK UP A FEW MORE OF THE JUMBOS.

"LITTLE DAVID"? OH, I GET IT, LIKE *DAVID AND GOLIATH*. YOU GOT SOME KIND OF BIG/LITTLE *COMPLEX*.

Little David

WHAT WERE YOU IN CIVILIAN LIFE, A PSYCHIATRIST? I THOUGHT THAT ALL YOU GORILLAS WERE TRUCK DRIVERS OR DOCK...?

GET *DOWN!* THAT TANK *AIN'T* DEAD YET!

BRATTA

PING

PING

TWING

PING

YA GOT HIM!

KA POW KA POW

THAT'S MY FAULT. WE SHOULD HAVE CHECKED THE TANK OUT, BUT THE KID HIT IT SO *HARD* THAT I DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING SURVIVED.

YOU OKAY, KID?

YEAH, YEAH. I'M ALRIGHT.

THE TWO OF YOU CAN MOVE OUT RIGHT NOW. THERE'S A FARMHOUSE UP THE ROAD WHERE YOU CAN WAIT FOR US. WE'LL BE ABOUT FIFTEEN *MINUTES* BEHIND YOU.

LET'S GO, *GORILLA!* AND DON'T JANGLE THOSE ROCKETS

AS THEY WALKED ALONG THE PATH, THE FROZEN GROUND WAS HARD BENEATH THEIR FEET BUT THEY WERE GRATEFUL FOR THE COLD BECAUSE THE CHILLY AIR WOULD CARRY SOUND WELL.

IF YOU HEAR A TANK, WE'LL DROP TO THE *RIGHT* SIDE OF THE ROAD AND STICK BY ME. THIS PIPE IS USELESS WITHOUT THE ROCKETS.

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN PICKED ON A LOT BY BIG GUYS WHEN YOU WERE A KID.

NAW, MY ***BROTHER*** ALWAYS DEFENDED ME. NOBODY EVER BOTHERED ME WHEN ***MIKE*** WAS THERE AND CUT OUT THE ANALYSIS! I'M NOT A *PSYCHO.*

I'M ***NOT*** A ***GORILLA.*** I READ A LOT AND... WELL, I CAN'T HELP BEING BIG ANY MORE THAN YOU...

TAKE COVER, I HEAR SOMETHING COMING. IT SOUNDS LIKE AN ARMORED CAR.

RIGHT!

RRRRRRRRR

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

YOU IDIOT! I TOLD YOU TO TAKE THE SAME SIDE AS ME, THE RIGHT. YOU HAVE ALL THE ROCKETS!

SORRY, KID. I INSTINCTIVELY DOVE FOR THE OPPOSITE SIDE. TRAINING TAUGHT US TO SPREAD OUT IN AN EMERGENCY.

HERE'S A ROCKET. CATCH IT.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO... NO, DON'T DO THAT!

DID YOU GET IT ALL RIGHT?

I GOT IT, BUT DON'T SEND OVER ANY MORE THAT WAY. ONE SHOULD GET THE JOB DONE.

HERE SHE COMES!

I'VE GOT TWO GRENADES READY IN CASE YOU MISS.

I NEVER MISS!

WOOOSSHH

WOOOSHHH

KA-BOOM

YOU BLASTED THAT ONE BUT GOOD. ARE YOU GOING TO MARK HIM DOWN ON "LITTLE DAVID"?

HE'S NOT BIG ENOUGH. I ONLY STENCIL ON THE TANKS AND THERE SHOULD BE PLENTY OF THEM AT THE END OF THE ROAD.

A SHORT WALK...

THERE'S THE FARMHOUSE WHERE THE SARGE TOLD US TO MEET HIM. GUESS THEY PLANNED TO BUNK DOWN THERE.

LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANY WARM FOOD INSIDE.

INSIDE THERE WAS FOOD AND CARNAGE

OH, JEEZE! IT LOOKS AS IF THE *NAZIS* WERE HERE. THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T WANT THEM TO *WARN* US THAT AN ASSAULT WAS COMING THROUGH HERE.

I HOPE IT WAS THE GUYS IN THE ARMORED CAR THAT DID IT, SO AT LEAST WE AVENGED THEIR DEATH.

DID YOU SAY THAT AN *ASSAULT* WAS COMING THROUGH HERE?

SURE, IT FIGURES. FIRST THE SCOUT CAR AND NOW THIS. I'M NOT CERTAIN, BUT THE *SIGNS* ARE THERE.

LET'S GO UPSTAIRS AND TAKE A LOOK. GET OUT THE BINOCULARS.

I GOT 'EM RIGHT HERE.

FROM THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE FARMHOUSE, THE VIEW WAS CLEAR AND FRIGHTENING...

THERE'S A DIVISION OF *PANZERS* HEADED THIS WAY *SINGLE FILE* ON THE ROAD.

I WONDER WHY THEY'RE KEEPING TO THE *ROAD* INSTEAD OF COMING ACROSS THE *FIELDS*?

CLANK CLANK CLANK CLANK CLANK CLANK CLANK

BECAUSE THE FIELD IS *MINED* WITH ANTI-TANK MINES AND THEY KNOW IT. IF WE COULD CAUSE AN *OBSTRUCTION* ON THE ROAD, WE COULD SLOW THEM UP.

THERE'S *NO COVER* OUT THERE. THEY'LL BLOW US TO PIECES.

IT WAS YOU *&!@* GUYS TOSSING YOUR WEIGHT AROUND THAT STARTED THESE WARS. NOW FIGHT IT.

SO THAT'S YOUR THEORY, HUH. BIG GUYS START WARS.

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. THEY GOT *POWER* SO THEY GOTTA SHOW IT OFF.

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD THEORY, BUT HOW DO YOU FIGURE *NAPOLEON*? HE WAS A LITTLE FELLOW.

LET'S HOLD OFF 'TIL AFTER THE WAR. I'M NOT THINKING TOO STRAIGHT NOW.

IF WE LIVE THAT LONG. THIS MISSION SOUNDS *SUICIDAL* TO ME.

CLANK CLANK

THEY SEE US, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF US. THEY CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO STOP THEM.

THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED THE BAZOOKA, SO NICE AND EASY TO SLIP A ROCKET IN.

CLANK CLANK CLANK

YOU'RE LOADED, SO GO!

WHOOSH

YOU WEREN'T KIDDING! YOU NEVER MISS!

EVERY CANNON IS GOING TO BE AIMED AT US SO LET'S GET MOVING! WE'LL TRY AND HIT THEM AS THEY COME AROUND

KABOOM

YOU'RE LOADED!

WHOOSH

CLANK CLANK

WATCH IT! THEY'RE GOING TO LOB A ROUND OVER!

KABOOM

THE PANZER USED A HIGH TRAJECTORY TO DROP A CANNON ROUND IN THE ROAD.

WAROOM

THE WAY A MAN SWATS AN ANNOYING AND DANGEROUS WASP, SO THE TANK WAS ABOUT TO REMOVE THE GIANT KILLER.

MY LEGS! I CAN'T MOVE THEM!

TWANG

CLANK

CLANK

CLANK

PWANG

BUT THE BEHEMOTH STEPPED ON A MINE AND...

BAROOM

KID, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS!

THEY DON'T LOOK TOO BAD, BUT YOU AIN'T GOING TO BE USING THEM FOR A WHILE. I'LL HAVE TO CARRY YOU.

PIGGY-BACK! THAT'S JUST THE WAY MY BROTHER USED TO CARRY ME!

YOU RESENT YOUR BIG BROTHER, DON'T YOU?

BINGO, DR. FREUD. HE WAS ALWAYS THERE WHEN I NEEDED HIM, BUT I CAN MAKE IT ON MY OWN. I'VE GOT TO SHOW *HIM* THAT I CAN!

HOLY TOLEDO! IS THE BAZOOKA LOADED?

I DON'T REMEMBER, BUT I'LL FIND OUT.

BRATATATAT

CLANK CLANK

WOOSSHH

KA-BOOM

PING PING PING

YEAH, IT WAS.

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM COMING AND WE'VE DONE THE BEST WE CAN. THE MINES SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE REST SO LET'S GO BACK.

FAMILIAR FORMS CAME FROM THE FRIENDLY END OF THE ROW.

OUR *OWN* TANKS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US. WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU *LEAVE* A FEW PANZER TANKS FOR *THEM*, HOT SHOTS.

THAT'S FINE WITH US. WE'RE OUT OF ROCKETS, ANYWAY.

HOURS LATER AT CAMP, THE KID WAS ABLE TO GET HIS LEGS BANDAGED. DOBBINS STAYED WITH HIM AS HE WOULD FOR THE REST OF THE WAR AND AFTER.

KID, WHAT'S YOUR FIRST NAME?

JACK, AS IN JACK THE *GIANT KILLER*. WHAT ELSE WOULD IT BE, YA GORILLA?

THE END

NIGHT of CHAOS

SOON AFTER MIDNIGHT, JUNE 6, 1944, THE GERMAN 709TH INFANTRY DIVISION RESPONDED TO AN AIR RAID ALERT, THEY WERE LOW IN MORALE, HAD NO COMBAT EXPERIENCE, AND ALL THEY WANTED TO DO WAS GO HOME!

IT WAS IN THIS AREA OF THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA THAT THE 82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION DROPPED INTO DARKNESS....

GERMAN COMMUNICATIONS WERE POOR THAT NIGHT. THE SOLDIERS DID NOT REALIZE THERE WAS AN AIRBORNE INVASION. THE TROOPS WERE ORDERED TO MARCH TO THE HEADQUARTERS TOWN OF AZEVILLE. THEY CARRIED RIFLES BUT THE 709TH INFANTRY HAD ALWAYS CARRIED **BLANK CARTRIDGES** IN THEM AND THEIR BULLET POUCHES. LIVE AMMO WAS IN THEIR HAVERSACKS. THE FIRST BATTLE WAS FOUGHT BETWEEN AMERICANS AND GERMANS FIRING BLANKS.

ACHTUNG! OUT, YOU IDIOTS- THIS IS AN AIR RAID, NOT A DRILL.

HOW DID HE MISS THIS CLOSE?

IT WAS A NIGHT OF MISTAKES ON BOTH SIDES, BUT IT IS THE ARMY THAT MAKES THE FEWEST ERRORS WHICH USUALLY WINS. BY MORNING, THE 82ND AIRBORNE HAD ORGANIZED AND THE GERMANS WERE STILL IN CHAOS

I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW WE DID IT!

D 7467

THE 32ND DIVISION'S HELL

IN NOVEMBER, 1942, GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR ORDERED AN UNTRIED, POORLY TRAINED NATIONAL GUARD DIVISION WHICH HAD GREEN REINFORCEMENTS WITH BARELY TRAINED DRAFTEES TO ATTACK TRAINED, SEASONED JAPANESE TROOPS IN WELL-FORTIFIED POSITIONS. THE NEW GUINEA JUNGLE WAS PROBABLY THE WORST TERRAIN IN THE WORLD IN WHICH TO FIGHT.....

THEY'RE CHOPPIN' US TO RIBBONS!

THE TROOPS' CLOTHES WERE FALLING APART. SHOES LASTED A FEW DAYS.... WEAPONS RUSTED QUICKLY. THERE WERE POISON ANTS, CHIGGERS, LICE, AND EVERY OTHER FORM OF CRAWLING DEATH.

WHEN IT WAS OVER THE 32ND DIVISION HAD LOST MORE THAN 700 DEAD, TAKEN 2,000 CASUALTIES, AND NEARLY 6,000 WERE SICK! ALL THIS FOR A JAPANESE STRONG POINT THAT COULD HAVE BEEN BYPASSED.... BECAUSE IT WAS LEARNED THAT THEY WERE STARVING BEFORE THE BATTLE EVEN BEGAN.

the PROFESSIONAL

WHEN JEFFERSON LEE GRADUATED FROM WEST POINT, HE WAS EIGHTH IN HIS CLASS... IT WAS 1938 AND ALREADY THE FIRST FAINT RUMBLES OF WORLD WAR II COULD BE HEARD BY THE MILITARY. LT. LEE HONED HIS MARTIAL SKILLS IN THE FEW YEARS BEFORE THE FIRST BOMB DROPPED AT PEARL HARBOR...

UNGH!

WHEN USING A BAYONET, *PARRY* ... THEN *STRIKE!*

D-8146

FOLLOW UP THE FIRST BLOW WITH THE *FINISHER!*

LT. LEE WAS REGARDED AS A FANATIC BY MANY OF HIS FELLOW OFFICERS. HE DROVE RECRUITS LIKE MAD... BUT HE DROVE HIMSELF HARDER!

HE'S THE BEST SHOT IN DIVISION! THE WAY HE ACTS, YOU'D THINK HE EXPECTS WAR ANY DAY NOW!

THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 7, 1941, LT. LEE WAS IN BACHELOR OFFICER QUARTERS STUDYING A MANUAL ON ARTILLERY WHEN HE HEARD...

THIS PROGRAM IS INTERRUPTED BECAUSE OF A BULLETIN. AT 7:50 THIS MORNING, JAPANESE AIRCRAFT ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR AND OTHER MILITARY INSTALLATIONS NEAR HONOLULU!

BATTLESHIPS ARE BURNING. AIRCRAFT ARE BEING DESTROYED ON THE GROUND...

I KNEW IT! WAR WAS INEVITABLE!

SIR, I WISH TO APPLY FOR TRANSFER FROM THIS BASIC TRAINING UNIT. TO AN INFANTRY REGIMENT!

DON'T BE A *FOOL*, LIEUTENANT!

YOU'RE A *PROFESSIONAL*, YOUR PLACE IS *HERE* TEACHING DRAFTEES TO BE COMBAT SOLDIERS!

IF HE HAD BEEN FANATICAL BEFORE, CAPT. LEE (PROMOTED IN JANUARY, 1942) WAS A PITILESS DRIVER OF MEN NOW!

KEEP MARCHING!

THE SPRINGFIELD RIFLE IS THE WEAPON YOU WILL USE UNTIL NEWER RIFLES ARE ISSUED!

FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS CAPT. LEE TRAINED MEN ... THEN, WITH A MAJOR'S GOLD LEAF ON HIS UNIFORM, HE WAS TRANSPERRED TO THE SEVENTH ARMY. HE JOINED GENERAL PATTON'S OUTFIT...

THE BEACH IS LIGHTLY DEFENDED! MOVE UP!

MOVE IN! THE MAJOR TOOK OUT THE M.G.!

U.S.

I AGREE, MAJOR LEE! SEND TWO COMPANIES THROUGH THAT GAP WITH HEAVY ARTILLERY AND AIR SUPPORT! ONE THING I DEMAND, MAJOR!

I'M GIVING YOU A DIRECT ORDER TO REMAIN IN BATTALION H.Q. FROM THERE, YOU CAN RETAIN CONTROL OF YOUR MEN!

YES, SIR. I'LL SEND THEM OUT AT 0530 HOURS, COLONEL!

AT 0630 HOURS, BAKER AND EASY COMPANIES WERE READY TO ATTACK! FOR AN HOUR, 155 MM HOWITZERS HAD BEEN POUNDING AT THE ITALIAN-GERMAN DEFENSES... NOW, AT H-HOUR, MAJOR LEE LEAPED FROM HIS FOXHOLE, HIS WHISTLE SIGNALING THE ATTACK!,

SARGE, I THOUGHT YA SAID THE SKIPPER WAS GONNA SIT THIS ONE OUT!

COLONEL WILKES THOUGHT SO TO!

VERDAMMT AMERIKANER SCHWEIN!

LOB A COUPLE GRENADES INSIDE... SOME OF THEM ARE ALIVE!

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES

MAJOR JEFFERSON LEE WAS ACQUIRING A REPUTATION FOR FEARLESSNESS... HE WAS AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS AND THE SILVER STAR IN A BRIEF CEREMONY AFTER SICILY WAS TAKEN IN LATE AUGUST, 1943.

LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU, MAJOR LEE. YOU ARE A TRUE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER!

LEE SHOULDN'T GET DECORATIONS FOR BRAVERY! THEY OUGHTA CHARGE HIM TO LET HIM IN THE WAR! HE LOVES IT!

YOU GUYS OUGHTA QUIT BELLY-ACHIN' ABOUT MAJOR LEE! HE'S THE BEST C.O. I EVER SERVED UNDER.

HOW'S HE GET AWAY WITH IT? WITH HIS RANK HE OUGHTA BE REAR ECHELON... NOT UP HERE FIGHTIN' HALF THE WAR!

THIS AIN'T NO SWEAT TO LEE BUT I'M SCARED STIFF WHEN THEY TELL US TAKE THAT HILL OR CAPTURE THAT MACHINE GUN!

THEY THINK I'M NEVER AFRAID! IF THEY ONLY KNEW...

WE EMBARK TOMORROW FOR ITALY... WE'LL BE UNDER GENERAL MARK CLARK... IT'LL BE BAD!

BOOM!

RAT-TA TA-TAT!

BAM

COME ON, EASY COMPANY ...THEY'LL GET US ALL IF WE DON'T MOVE IN!

THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY, COMMANDED BY GENERAL MONTGOMERY, LANDED ON SEPT. 3, 1943, AT REGGIO, CALABRIA WHILE THE FIFTH ARMY, AMERICAN, LANDED ON THE SALERNO BEACHES AND IMMEDIATELY RAN INTO HEAVY RESISTANCE AND FIERCE LUFTWAFFE ATTACKS!

BOOM!

KRAMER'S HIT, MAJOR! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

STAY WITH THE GUN, CORPORAL!

AS THE FIGHTERS ROARED THE LENGTH OF THE BEACH, MAJOR LEE COOLY POURED BURSTS INTO THEM, AND...

RAT-TA-TAT!

THAT'S THREE HE ZAPPED! THE REST OF THE KRAUTS ARE GETTIN' CAUTIOUS!

IT WASN'T COLONEL ANDERSON'S FAULT THAT THIS BUNCH OF BUTLESS RIFF-RAFF RETREATED WHEN THE KRAUTS ATTACKED!

CAPTAIN RASKIN, YOU ARE RELIEVED OF DUTY. I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THIS BATTALION RETREATED BECAUSE OF COWARDICE!

THIS BATTALION HAS SUFFERED FROM *POOR LEADERSHIP!*

I WON'T TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR! YOU KNOW BETTER! YOU KNOW SOME OF US WILL BE WOUNDED, SOME VERY SERIOUSLY!

A LOT OF MEN IN THIS OUTFIT WERE LOST BECAUSE OF STUPIDITY! I DON'T SAY I'LL KEEP YOU ALL ALIVE!

...BUT I *DO* GUARANTEE THAT I'M A COMPETENT SOLDIER AND I WON'T SACRIFICE MEN WITHOUT REASON!

I ALSO PROMISE YOU... I WON'T SEND YOU ANYWHERE I WON'T GO MYSELF!

HIS SPEECH MADE SENSE! THE SIXTH BATTALION, ASHAMED OF THEIR PREVIOUS RECORD, FOLLOWED THEIR FIGHTING C.O. IN A SMASHING ATTACK AGAINST A GERMAN STRONGPOINT...

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT.!

FOR THIRTEEN DAYS, CLARK'S FIFTH ARMY FOUGHT BITTERLY TO HOLD THEIR GROUND... THEN THEY SLASHED SOUTH TO SALERNO AND JOINED UP WITH THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY.

WE'RE RUDDY HEROES!

TWO WEEKS AGO CAPTAIN RASKIN CALLED US A BUNCH OF GUTLESS COWARDS!

YOU'RE THE BEST THING EVER HAPPENED TO THE SIXTH BATTALION, COLONEL!

MAYBE THE SIXTH BATTALION WAS THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME, SOLDIER!

END

THE ULTIMATUM

THE ALLIED FORCES WERE INCHING TOWARD GERMANY. IT SEEMED LIKE W.W.II WAS ALMOST OVER. BUT ON DECEMBER 16, 1944, HITLER LAUNCHED A DESPERATE COUNTER-ATTACK...AND THE "BATTLE OF THE BULGE" BEGAN...

ZIP ZIP

THE 101'ST AIRBORNE DIVISION AT THE CITY OF BASTOGNE WAS QUICKLY CUT OFF AND SURROUNDED!

THE GERMAN TROOP COMMANDER ISSUED AN ULTIMATUM TO THE U.S. DIVISION COMMANDER.

I'M TAKING THESE MONKEYS TO SEE GENERAL MCAULIFFE...

D-6858

BRIGIDIER GENERAL ANTHONY MCAULIFFE'S RESPONSE TO THE DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF HIS TROOPS WAS THE SHORTEST REPLY EVER GIVEN TO AN ULTIMATUM.

NUTS! YOU TELL YOUR GENERAL MY ANSWER IS NUTS!

THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION HELD BASTOGNE AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS FOR FOUR DAYS.

WHAUM

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, 1944...GENERAL PATTON'S THIRD ARMY BROKE INTO BASTOGNE AND LIFTED THE GERMAN SEIGE!

END

2,500 ALLIED SHIPS MOVED ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 9-10, 1943. THEIR DESTINATION WAS SICILY--THE STEPPING STONE OF EUROPE!

THE ROAD TO ROME

THE AMERICAN 7TH ARMY UNDER GENERAL PATTON AND THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN 8TH ARMY UNDER GENERAL MONTGOMERY LANDED ON SICILY AND HAD THE ISLAND CONQUERED BY AUGUST 17, 1943.

THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN 8TH ARMY CROSSED THE STRAITS OF MESSINA AND LANDED ON EUROPEAN SOIL AS "AN ARMY OF VENGEANCE" IN THE EARLY HOURS OF SEPTEMBER 3, 1943.

SALERNO WAS THE LOGICAL SPOT FOR THE ALLIED ATTACK ON THE MAINLAND. ALLIED FORCES ATTACKED ON SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1943. BLOODY FIGHTING CONTINUED NON-STOP FOR FOUR DAYS! A WEEK LATER, "BLOODY SALERNO" WAS TAKEN.

CASSINO, GUARDED BY A SIX MILE BELT OF MOUNTAIN POSITIONS AND FORTIFICATIONS, WAS THE LAST CHIEF OBSTACLE IN THE WAY OF THE ALLIED ADVANCE!

FINALLY, IN JUNE 1944, VICTORIOUS ALLIED TROOPS MARCHED THROUGH THE ANCIENT CITY OF ROME!

the Red Baron

BARON MANFRED VON RICHTHOFEN STARTED IN 1914 AS A LIEUTENANT OF CAVALRY, THEN COMMANDED INFANTRY IN THE TRENCHES...BUT IN 1916, HE LEARNED TO FLY AND HE COMMANDED "RICHTHOFEN'S CIRCUS"...FLYING HIS RED FOKKER TRIPLANE, HE WAS THE SCOURGE OF THE WESTERN FRONT!

D-7313

THE RED BARON WAS THE LEADING ACE IN WORLD WAR I...HE PERSONALLY SHOT DOWN 80 ENEMY PLANES BEFORE A BRITISH PILOT, CAPT. A. ROY BROWN, SHOT HIM DOWN IN TURN, APRIL 21, 1918.

END

PLAY THE ODDS

"What do you have, Corporal?" Ace Sharky asked the soldier across from him in the trench as he peered down at his own cards.

"I've got three queens," replied the Corporal as he smiled and reached for the helmet that contained the money they were gambling for.

"Hold it!" Ace snapped. "I win! I've got three kings!"

"You always win, Sharky," lamented the Corporal. "If we were anywhere else, I might accuse you of cheating. Out here, winning or losing at cards doesn't matter! Money is worthless at the front. A dollar can't buy a man's life!"

"Money is money," Sharky replied as he stuffed the soiled bills into his pack. "The Korean conflict won't last forever. I'll be a rich man by the time this war is over!" Sharky explained as he stashed the last of his loot, his deck of cards and placed his helmet back on his head.

"You may never get back to the States," the Corporal said as he leaned back against the dirt wall. "You're a gambler. What are the odds against you getting home alive?" asked the Corporal.

"Talk like that doesn't worry me, Rollins," laughed Sharky. "I'm going to live through this war. The draft board sent me to this god-forsaken country, but they didn't tell me to be a hero.

"I play the odds. I haven't taken any chances yet and I'm not taking any in the future. I'm too smart to get killed. I play it safe! Let the suckers run all of the risks. Let them be heroes and get themselves killed. I play the odds!" repeated the professional gambler as he buckled up his helmet, slipped on his pack and picked up his carbine.

"I didn't ask to be sent here either, but I don't think like you do," stated Corporal Rollins. "I'm not a hero, but taking risks is part of the job!"

Sharky shrugged his shoulders. The gambler figured that the corporal was just another sucker. The odds were against guys like Rollins.

"Buckle up and check your weapons," roared the Sergeant as he stormed down the trench. "We're moving out. Get ready!" he ordered.

The burley sergeant halted abruptly when he reached Rollins and Sharky. Carefully, the platoon leader eyed the two vets.

"I need a volunteer to take the point position," the Sarge stated. "We're moving up the ridge and I want an experienced man up front. The gooks are up there and I wouldn't want to walk into an ambush! Who's volunteering?" he demanded to know.

Sharky stared at the sergeant, spit into the trench and kept silent.

"I'll go," volunteered Rollins in a voice just above a whisper.

The Sarge nodded as he glared at Ace. Up over the top of the trench the Corporal and the Sergeant scrambled.

"Let's go!" ordered the Sarge as Rollins started up the slope of the barren hill.

Slowly, Sharky climbed out of the trench. "So long, sucker," he muttered as he watched Rollins take the point. "I'm going to play the odds. I'll stay at the rear!"

Carefully, cautiously, boldly, the platoon moved up the slope. Minutes passed like hours. The enemy was up there somewhere, but where? Where were the Gooks? Were they hiding and waiting to ambush the American G.I.'s? Were they waiting for the right moment to spring their trap?

Suddenly, enemy machine guns opened up on both sides of the platoon.

"Dig in! It's a trap!" Rollins screeched in alarm. Instantly, the platoon hit the dirt and returned fire.

"Blast these gooks and keep your heads down," the Sarge bellowed as his Thompson submachinegun sprayed hot lead toward the enemy positions. "We'll fight our way out of this ambush!"

"We'll never get out of this alive," muttered Sharky as he saw men dropping like flies all around him. "The odds are against it! My only chance is to make a mad dash across that field over there," Sharky whispered to himself as he quickly surveyed the surrounding terrain. "I'm playing the odds and getting out of here while I can!"

Sharky leaped to his feet and ran for the field. "I'm going to make it," he cried as he raced across the open area. "I'm going to make it," he exclaimed nervously as each footstep carried him closer to safety.

Halfway across the field, he took his final step. As his toe touched the ground, the mine below him exploded! When the smoke and haze cleared, Sharky was gone.

"It looks like the gooks have had enough! They're pulling out," shouted the Sarge to his men. "Rollins, are you all right?"

"I'm fine, Sarge!" Rollins called back from where he was dug in high up on the slope. "Lady Luck was with me! I wasn't even scratched!"